After Fifteen Years

By Clarissa Mackie

Melvin Taylor and Adelia Scott had lived next door to each other all their lives, yet they had not spoken for 15 years.

Adelia, forty now, with a powdering of white in her brown hair, was sitting in the old grape vine swing, swaying idly to and fro. Her soft eyes were fixed on the toe of her small shoe as it lightly touched the green turf.

Overhead the April sky was cloudless; around her was growing grass and young springing flowers.

In her heart was a great yearning for happiness—a renewal of the joys that had belonged to her girlhood; the dreams, the ideals that were hers before the awakening.

From the other side of the dividing lilac hedge came the fragrance of tobacco and the sound of men's voices, growing nearer.

"Women are naturally stubborn," Melvin Taylor was saying in a disagreeable tone. "If May has quarreled with you, Walter, you might as well give her up now and be done with it—no matter how deeply you repent. What apologies you may offer however humble yourself, take my assurance she will not forgive you."

"Rubbish!" retorted Walter Stone, laughing. "May and I have had a disagreement, but I know we shall make it up—who knows when—perhaps today! As for the rest of womankind, they are all like May, I do believe—sweet and forgiving—only some clumsy brute of a man like you or me—"

"I've had my experience," interrupted Taylor brusquely. "I was engaged to marry what I believe to be

Swaying Idly to and Fro.

the sweetest girl in the world. We quarreled a week before our wedding day—15 years ago. I wrote a note begging her to forgive me—"

Their voices died away as they passed beyond hearing, and Adelia still swayed to and fro in the grape vine. Now her face was white.

So Melvin Taylor had made overtures of peace and she had never known it. She, too, had written a note to him and hidden it in their true lover's postoffice—a cup-like hollow in the old apple tree that grew in the lilac hedge.

Day after day, 15 years ago, she had gone to the hollow—but there was never a letter; and her wedding day had come and gone and she had never been a bride. Invitations had been recalled, presents returned and bridal garments hidden from sight, while Adelia picked up the dull threads of every-day life and learned to meet Melvin Taylor now and then and greet him with a cold little inclination of the head.

With a sudden impulse she left the grape vine swing and sought the old apple tree. The lilac branches had grown unpruned until their smooth green stems quite hid the cup-like hollow.

Adelia stood on tiptoe and thrust her little hand into the old letter box. The hollow was empty save for a few dead and crumpled leaves and a gathering of moss. Just as she withdrew her hand her fingers were caught in a warm, strong grasp.

With a faint cry of alarm, Adelia tried to jerk her hand away, but in vain.

"Who is it?" demanded Melvin Taylor's voice from the other side of the hedge.

"Release me at once," commanded Adelia angrily.

"Oh!" There was enlightenment in his tone; but the grasp only tightened its hold.

"If you have the faintest instincts of a gentleman," began Adelia after a while.

"I haven't," returned Mr. Taylor coldly.

Adelia leaned against the rugged trunk of the old tree, her white, outstretched arm gleaming against the brown bark. Her eyes were shining like twin stars and her breath came in little gasps.

"What—what do you want?" she found courage to ask after another painful silence.

There was a moment's hesitation and then: "I placed a note in here 15 years ago," he began lamely.

"Well?"

"I never received a reply," he said gruffly, his hold on her hand tightening cruelly.

"You are hurting my hand," she said with a little cry.

"You hurt my heart 15 years ago," retorted Melvin stubbornly.

After a long silence Adelia's voice came faintly over the hedge. "I, too, placed a note there—15 years ago and—"

"And?" queried Mr. Taylor.

"I never received a reply to my note."

"The—dickens!" Mr. Taylor whistled softly. "I never got it, Adelia! Do you mean to say you never got a note from me the day after—after we quarreled."

"I never received any word from you." Adelia's voice was tremulous now, as she added: "If you will release my hand—"

He relaxed his hold reluctantly, and Adelia slipped down in a crumpled heap in the soft turf at the foot of the apple tree.

"Go, Adelia," he said gently. It is too late for me to offer you any apology for my long silence; I wrote you a letter, asking your forgiveness and I placed it here in the hollow—I believed you were hard and unforgiving when I did not receive any answer and I grew more angry with you, instead of seeking an explanation. Your little note, as well as mine, was probably taken by some marauding catbird to build his nest in the hedge. I think I shall go away now—I have been such a fool I want to seek the uttermost ends of the earth to try and forget my folly!" His voice regained its bitterness.

There was a long silence after that.

"I am here, Melvin," said Adelia.

"May I come over?" he asked in a strange voice.

"Yes," she said softly, but not so softly that his eager ears did not catch the longed-for words.

Presently he was beside her, the old boyish smile on his lips, the old lovelight in his eyes, the old happiness in his face.

Adelia flushing rosily, leaned for support against the apple tree and her downcast eyes dared not meet his questioning ones.

"Will you forgive me, Adelia?" he asked holding out his arms.

"If you will forgive me, too," she said sweetly, turning a radiant face up to him.

And then she came to him, all her sorrows stilled, all her happiness restored ten-fold because of the pain she had endured.

Overhead the April sky was cloudless, underfoot the green grass was starred with dandelions; there in the shade of the beloved old apple tree, Adelia's youth came back to her, with happiness and love and all the old ideals.

High-Priced Biberon.

Ten thousand guineas were given by C. Wertheimer, at the sale of the late Baron Schroeder's collection at Christie's a few days ago, for a sixteenth century biberon of carved rock crystal mounted with enameled gold. It is made in imitation of some fabled monster which its designer may have imagined to be a sea serpent, but the body of which, lost in a series of flutings, resembles more closely that of a water fowl. The crystal neck and body is mounted with enameled gold, and is poised like a wineglass on a crystal stem, also mounted very beautifully in gold and enamel. The lid of the biberon is surmounted by a statuette in enamel of Neptune sitting astride a Triton, and in this, as in every other portion of the decoration the work is of unsurpassable delicacy. It is thought to have come from the hands of Daniel Mignot of Augsburg, who made it for the Emperor Rudolph II.—London Graphic.

Only Safe Plan.

Knicker—Would you prohibit erecting a statue to a man until he had been dead 50 years?

Hooker—I'd go further and wait till all the people who had to look at it were dead.

Plowing in Algeria

WEARY OXEN

WE TOOK our ease at our inn, my friend Frampton and I. The road in front of us led where our boat lay, and left-handed to the creek right-handed to the main part of the village, including the church and station. A hedge, just breaking into green, skirted the road, and over its brim we could see a plowman guiding his team leisurely up and down a broad, flat field. The man in his drab corduroys and the horses, a big brown and a gray, made a picturesque group. They gave one, too, the pleasant sense of restfulness an idler feels in watching other men work. In the fulness of my content I murmured something silly about the dignity of labor, which roused my companion from his comfortable silence to retort: "That's because you've never done any." I looked up to where a small, dark speck was rapidly rising in the windy April sky and flooding the air with joyous melody. "Just listen to that lark singing," I said. "Just listen to that signboard creaking! We shall have it down on our heads," retorted my practical-minded friend; not without reason, for a strong breeze was briskly swinging the old sign to and fro, and the storm of the night before had left dangling by a single rusty hook. "The Plow and Anchor!" I muttered, as I eyed it and warily edged along the bench from under it. "I wonder what came first at the beginning of things, and when the first furrow was turned?"

"That will be something for you to think about till I get back," said Frampton benignly.

"That chap with the plow somehow takes me back to Algeria."

My friend grinned with a good-humored sarcasm. "Most things seem to do that," he said. "But if you want to ruminate on plowing, here's something for a start that takes one to the back of beyond." As he spoke he detached a coin from his watch-chain and tossed it to me. Next moment he looked at his watch and rose hastily to his feet. "Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's ten to! I must run for it." And swinging his coat across his shoulder, he picked up his bag and disappeared at a trot round the bend of the road to the station.

Frampton was right. Numberless incidents of the most trifling kind sufficed to carry my thoughts back to Algeria. Life in the desert, life in the towns, life in the Tell, each had impressed me vividly with its strange and distinctive attraction. In the latter district particularly I had studied the process and progress of farming carried on there in a way I should never have thought of doing at home. There was such a glamour over it all; over even the poverty and recklessness of the fellah and his primitive methods of agriculture. Like farmers all the world over, what he did and what he left undone was the result not of personal initiative, but of faithful adherence to precedent. In spite of the efforts of the French government to introduce innovations and improvements the native cultivators of agrarian land plow, sow and reap as men did when the world was young. To see an Arab steering a yoke of oxen, one hand pressed upon the single stem of the plow and the other holding the long, slim goad, is to see a living illustration of how Elisha looked and moved when Elijah found him plowing and cast his cloak upon him in significant symbolism of his destiny. Only in some such insignificant details as the names of the months in the Kabyle dialect is the stamp of Rome still visible, and in the system of hiring labor in the Tell there survives a custom belonging to the early days of the Roman republic.

This is what happens. A farmer finds himself in debt, or he wants a lump sum of money in order to marry and settle down. He forthwith borrows the required amount of a richer neighbor and signs a contract by which he practically enslaves himself until he is able to pay off the loan. His master must provide him with a plow and a pair of oxen, the seed for the crop and the necessaries of life. He also receives a fixed allowance of oil, wheat any barley per month, besides a yearly supply of clothes and footwear, the price of them going to increase the original debt. In harvesttime the khamme's, as he is called, is entitled to an assistant, but he often prefers to take a small indemnity and set his wife and children to work instead. Usually he is free to seek employment on his own account from January to April, and then he hires himself out for day labor in the vineyards and olive groves of the French colonists. But in the districts now given up to olive growing the khammes are few, as their wages soon enable them to free themselves; and before long, it may be safely prophesied, the Arab will relinquish this ancient usage in favor of modern European devices for tiding over bad times. Perhaps, too, it is hard to believe, he may be gradually induced to secure himself a richer return for his labor by using tools of modern shape, and in particular by exchanging his picturesque but ineffective wooden plow for the powerful up-to-date machine of steel and iron which the French have brought into Algeria. Three thousand years and more lie between the two, and in the extraordinary slowness of the evolution of the plow and the fundamental identity of its first and latest shapes one recognizes the genius of its inventor. Osiris or Bacchus? Triptolemus or Buzyges was it? We only know that the ground was tilled with a share drawn by oxen in the age when every kindred had a god for an ancestor and the golden myths of Greece were in the making.

At this point in my meditations I became aware that I still held Frampton's coin in my closed palm. I took it in my fingers and began to examine it. My little Greek just enabled me to decipher its superscription and gather that it was of the coinage of Siceliotae, or early Greek settlers in Sicily, dating from about 600 B. C. On one side it bore an almost obliterated head, of Demeter presumably; on the obverse the figure of a plow drawn by two serpents. With such a plow the sacred line enclosing Greek and Etruscan cities must have been traced, and with such a plow did Romulus draw his circle round Mount Palatine, lifting it from the ground wherever a gate was to be. It differed but slightly from the crooked hoe held by Osiris, or from the hand plow with which Samgar, judge of Israel, fought the enemies of his people, being all of one piece, with pins or plugs inserted in the stem to which the leathern thong of the yoke might be attached. A tree trunk with a bent knee was an obvious necessity, and, as to this day in Algeria, the holm oak seems to have been a favorite for the purpose. Hesiod, writing 700 years before the Christian era, advises a husbandman to cut down a tree of suitable shape wherever he may encounter it and straightway bear it home.

C. H. T. WOODBURY.

Cross-Bred Indian Names.

Minnehaha, laughing water—what prettier name, in sound and in sense, could there be? But the saddest thing about American nomenclature is the way in which languages have been cross-bred, with deplorable results. All these Indian "Minnie" names are delightful when left alone; and the white man did well in naming the state of Minnesota after the river, which, being interpreted, is "sky-tinted water." But then he must go and contrive "Minneapolis" for its chief town—a shocking mixture of Indian and Greek. What lovely names they must have missed when they imported their Jacksonvilles to dispossess the red man's language!—London Chronicle.

Hymn Books for Gunwads.

The 130th anniversary of the battle of Springfield, which was won by the Continental soldiers by reason of the fact that they were able to wad their guns with hymn books, was celebrated at Springfield the other day, by the New Jersey Society, S. A. R., with the dedication of a flagpole in the Revolutionary burying ground. The hymn books were used at the behest of the minister of the old Presbyterian church which still stands. He was the Rev. James Caldwell, and when he saw the tide of battle turning against the Colonists because they could not get wadding for their guns he brought out the books from the church and said: "Give 'em Watts, boys; give 'em Watts."

Remarkable Forest Work.

In point of variety and scope the forest work done on the Biltmore estate in North Carolina is remarkable. The forests, which cover 130,000 acres, are made profitable by the production of various forms of material. Four million feet of lumber, five thousand cords of tannic acid wood and fuel, one thousand cords of tin bark, and several hundred cords of pulp wood are cut every year. At the same time the forest through wise management is bettered and is steadily increasing in value. Workmen employed along the boundaries of the forest do duty as fire guards. Thus fire protection is secured throughout all the accessible parts of the tract.—Hay, Flour and Feed Journal.

Women Made the Fight.

Lady Wimbourne, who worked hard and succeeded in seating her son, Maj. Guest, in the house of commons, had an opponent of her own. Lady Allington's husband was also a candidate and the fate of the two men lost importance in the minds of those who witnessed the campaign, so much more important seemed the battle of the women. Both women spoke to the constituency every day and when the votes counted in Lady Wimbourne's son, she and he paraded the streets and the victory was regarded as solely hers.

Doesn't Talk Back.

"Did you enjoy your travels?"

"I certainly did, and my wife quite fell in love with the Sphinx."

"She did?"

"Yes, it's such a fine listener."

German Court Etiquette

How All Those Who Wish to Be Presented to Royalty Must Proceed.

A woman of position who wishes to appear at the German court must find a friend who will introduce her officially to the Oberhofmeisterin—a sort of feminine lord chamberlain—who is an arbiter of fate with regard to court presentation. This dignitary holds a reception of her own previous to the court, and would-be presentees must attend, as it were on approval. If all goes well the aspirant is in due course bidden to a court reception. Courts at Berlin begin at nine. Full evening dress must be worn, with trains, but no veil or feathers and black gowns are not permitted. At the beginning of the reception the feminine element is carefully "sor[illegible]"—married women in one room and girls and debutantes in another, and in this latter newcomers-out are placed on one side, and on the other those who have already gone through the ordeal.

The lady presented has now notified her wish to be invited to some of the court entertainments. A court ball at Berlin is opened with much ceremony. The German emperor and empress enter with their suites, and the ambassadresses stand about the throne in the court circle. Their imperial majesties never dance, but converse with their guests in an amiable manner. By the way, the emperor lays much stress on good dancing, and will allow no one who is not an expert to dance at the palace. A court official sits in a gallery and watches the dancers, and should he detect any errors in either ladies or men he, later on, communicates with the emperor, and the culprit is notified that he or she must become more proficient before being again invited to the palace.

LETTERS OF GREAT

Relics of Queen Mary and Catherine de Medici to Be Sold.

Notable Original Papers Written by Royal Hands or Bearing on Historic Matters Will Be Put Up at Public Auction.

London.—Royal letters and state documents, as well as holograph and autograph letters of various celebrities, ranging in date from 1417 to 1904, will be sold by public auction at Sotheby's soon.

The collection includes letters from Mary Queen of Scots, as well as from her cousin and rival, Queen Elizabeth, and an important treaty, deciding the future destiny of Mary Queen of Scots, by means of which Mary of Guise, her mother, Cardinal Beaton and Lord Lennox rendered void the English treaty, as also the contract for Mary's projected marriage with the future Edward VI. Twenty-seven years later Mary was in prison at Chatsworth and from there addressed an appeal to her brother-in-law, Charles IX. of France, imploring him to intercede with Elizabeth. This letter is accompanied by Elizabeth's original order for the payment of "the blood money," £100, to Sir John Popham, the crown prosecutor, who conducted the fatal trial at Fotheringay.

There is also the only letter remaining in private possession written by Mary I. of England; it is dated 1554 and is a recommendation of Symon Raynard, Charles V.'s ambassador, and the principal negotiator of the Spanish match.

Documents relating to the Field of the Cloth of Gold have their place in this collection, including a mandate signed "Francois" and dated September 8, 1520, being "an order to the treasurer and receiver general to pay certain sums for the reimbursement of expenses incurred in the month of June last past during the journey we made to the town of Andres and its neighborhood in the matter of the visit, meeting, and parliament between us and our very dear and good brother and ally, the king of England, and for the feasts, banquets and other similar expenses that we there incurred."

The catalogue comprises some rare holograph letters from Catherine de Medici written to her daughter Elizabeth, queen of Spain, between 1560 and 1570. One of them contains the following: "And so my daughter, my dear, commend yourself to God, for you have seen me as happy as yourself, never expecting to have any other sorrow, except that of not being sufficiently loved by the king, your father (Henry II.), who honored me more than I deserved; but I loved him so much that I was always afraid, as you know, that he did not love me enough. And God has taken him from me, and not content with that has left me with three little children, and in a strange kingdom, not having a soul there whom I can trust who has not some special ax to grind."

Other letters from Catherine mention the hostility of the Guises after the death of her eldest son, Francis II., husband of Mary Queen of Scots, and the intrigues of Admiral Coligny, and the attempts of the Duc de Nemours to carry off the Duc d'Orleans (afterward Henry III.) and set him up against his brother, Charles IX. There is likewise a mass of Huguenot correspondence.

Charles I., Charles II. and James II. of England are well represented in this collection, and among the state documents there is the grant to Canterbury of a mint and assay office made by Edward VI., and signed by him, as well as by Cranmer and Thomas Lord Seymour. There are also two of Cromwell's black letter proclamations, prohibiting horse racing for six and eight months respectively. Owing to their being pasted up these proclamations were soon destroyed and the two present specimens are consequently almost unique. There are twelve letters written by Mme. de Maintenon and an inventory—the original manuscript—of the effects left by Mme. de Pompadour at her death. There is likewise a manuscript dated 1721 embodying the "Remembrances for Order and Decency to be kept in the Upper House of Parliament by the Lords, when his Majesty is not there."

FAMOUS PAINTING REPORTED STOLEN

PARIS.—The government officials still are silent concerning the reported theft from the Louvre of the most famous portrait in the world, Leonard da Vinci's "Mona Lisa." The story that the picture has been stolen and that a copy of it was put in its place receives general credence, in view of similar thefts that have been committed in the Louvre. The painting is said to be now in New York in possession of a wealthy American. In the art world this painting, which sometimes is called "La Gioconda," is considered priceless. The most striking feature of the portrait is the mysterious smile that lurks in the eyes and lips of the subject. It took Da Vinci five years to bring out this peculiar expression, and at the end of that time he declared the work unfinished. The task of painting "Mona Lisa" was difficult and painstaking in the extreme. Da Vinci found that his model, a woman, assumed a peculiar expression only when at ease in a certain posture, and when listening to a certain strain of music

FEAR OF NIGHT IS DISEASE

English Magistrate Fines Nurse for Leaving Children Alone in Dark Unprotected.

London.—Great public interest has been aroused by the case of Kate Bell, a Hampstead nursemaid, who was fined 40 shillings at Marylebone police court for leaving three young children alone in the house while her master and mistress went out for the evening.

Her mistress, Mrs. Hearne, returning home unexpectedly at 8:30 p. m., discovered that the nurse and both servants had gone out, leaving the three children, age thirteen months, three years and four years, respectively, entirely unprotected.

In fining her the magistrate, Paul Taylor, told the nurse that "her conduct showed a very inadequate consciousness of her duty. She had been guilty of a serious moral delinquency."

The house surgeon of a large children's hospital in South London, considered "moral delinquency" much too mild a term.

"The callous way in which young children are left alone nowadays," he said, "amounts to positive crime—it occurs most frequently among the very poor.

"The criminality of the proceeding lies in this; that, in nine cases out of ten, leaving children alone means frightening them into submission with all manner of absurd tales.

"A very frequent instance of what I mean occurs when a married couple go out for an evening at six o'clock, say, and tell the infant upstairs that a tiger will come from under the bed and eat it if it cries or gets up while they are out.

"What that poor mite suffers in its loneliness passes all description.

"As often as not, too, its nerves become permanently affected, and it suffers in youth from a nervous disease which is now classified as pavor nocturnus—dread of the night.

"And when the child grows up pavor nocturnus will turn to St. Vitus' dance, or 'habit spasms,' or one or other of the serious nervous affections with which the next generation promises to be rife.

"Pavor nocturnus—the symptoms of which are constant tears and intense nervousness—is an illness we dread here, because it is next to impossible to do anything for a child's other complaints until, by long hours, or even days, of patient coaxing, its nerves are restored.

"But if pavor nocturnus gets too firm a hold any cure we can effect is temporary at best, for the child's nervous system has been ruined for life."

STEALS $3, RETURNS $300

College Girl, Urged by Remorse, Makes Penance After Years to Friend She Robbed.

Chicago. — Whether the ancient Greeks intentionally meant to throw a slight upon the fairer sex by depicting their cynical offspring, Mr. Diogones, as searching for an honest man, is unknown.

Should a similar search be instituted at the present time, Miss Rien Tedesch, a former coed of Cincinnati university, now visiting her sister, Mrs. Paul H. Philipson, of this city, could give valuable assistance.

"Long ago," asserts Miss Tedesch, "I suffered the loss of a purse containing three dollars and some change. Years passed and blotted its loss from my mind. Yesterday I received a letter from home saying I was the recipient of $300 from an unknown source.

"Another letter followed, from which I learn that a farmer college friend was the person who had taken the money years ago. She says that her parents and ancestors were honest Puritans and that remorse has worked havoc with her. She hopes that now, by discharging a penance, she will find relief from the purgatories of an evil conscience."

110-YEAR-OLD CATALPA DIES

Historic Tree in Pennsylvania Town Falls With Crash After Reaching Ripe Old Age.

Bristol, Pa.—Bristol's venerable one-hundred-and-ten-year-old catalpa tree, on the Edward Bruden premises, died of old age and fell the other day, while the family were at dinner.

The old ivy which clung fast to the ancient tree was gathered in fragments by hundreds as relics. A peculiar remnant of this old catalpa tree, a gigantic stump, was over twenty-five feet high, and when viewed from one standpoint looked like an elephant standing on its hind legs.

The "old elephant tree," as they call it, has a history that runs back before the Bruden advent, to the days when the descendants of Samuel Saunders, an English tory flourished in its shade. It measured just above the ground 21½ feet in circumference and near the top of the stump 16 feet.

GEM FIELDS PROVE WEALTHY

Germans Discover They Have Bonanza in Southwest Africa—Government Gets Half.

Berlin.—Since the resignation of Colonial Secretary Dernburg, one line of his policy has been justified by remarkable statistics published concerning the diamond fields of Luderitz Bay in German Southwest Africa. In the current year diamonds worth $5,000,000 have been turned out, and half of that, according to the contract framed by Herr Dernburg, goes to the government of the colony.

All told, these German diamond fields are proving far more valuable than was expected. At first the entire value of the fields was set down at $50,000,000, but now one claim alone has been proved to be worth more than that.

SWORDFISH IN FIERCE FIGHT

Had Two Men in Small Boat Thoroughly Whipped When Others Come to Their Rescue.

Boston.—John Henry of the fishing schooner Alice Palmer tells of a fight for life he and his dory mate, Adam Walters, had with a swordfish off the Georges Banks the other day. The fish was sighted in the afternoon and in a short time two harpoons were sticking into his back and he was racing away with the harpoon buoys. Henry and Walters manned a dory and started after the buoys.

Infuriated by the pain of the iron barbs, the fish turned on the dory. It drove its powerful sword through one end of the craft and then the other, while the two men leaped back and forth to escape the driving blows.

The dory began to fill as the repeated attacks of the fish opened up holes, and it looked as if the fishermen would be left entirely at the mercy of the fish in the water. But a second dory from the schooner swept up and with harpoons settled the fate of the fish and rescued the two in the sinking dory.

FARMER DIGS UP $32,000

Delaware Man Unearths Gold and Silver Coin While Plowing in His Scrubby Field.

Laurel, Del.—Ashbury Hammond has dug $32,000 in gold and silver coin out of a grave on his farm, the other day, and all his neighbors are busy plowing over their own fields in the hope of a similar windfall.

The local bank has taken the money and has given Hammond full credit for it, so that there can be no question of the value of the find. Hammond was a scrub farmer whose land barely supported him.

This sudden acquisition of fortune came when his plow point struck a brick vault in a sandy hill. He got a pick and opened the vault. As soon as he recovered from the horror of seeing a skeleton there he went inside. A bag of coin lay at the skeleton's head and another at his feet. One of them contained Spanish and American gold and silver worth $17,000, and similar contents in the other were worth $15,000. The coin looked new, although the latest date on any of it was 1821.

Prays Over Horse Deal.

Minneapolis, Minn.—That he try his hand at horse trading is the latest request made of Maj. Arthur Cass of the Salvation Army Industrial home. He has had marked success as matrimonial agent in the two years he has been in charge, but has never made a horse trade. As the request comes from a middle aged unmarried woman in the country he said he would pray over it and try his luck during the week.

Tea Service Brings $1,250.

London.—An old Worcester china mug, painted with exotic birds and insects, was sold for $560, and a complete tea service similarly decorated realized $1,250.